

the Irish Parliament in Kilkenny. Having built the monastery of San Isidore, by permission of his Superior, he invited the Irish Franciscans scattered in groups over Europe, to come and settle down in the convent on the Pincian Hill. In the abundance of rich marble, gilded stucco, and paintings that greet the eye on all sides of the church, there are several mural tablets to the memory of Irish men and women. One of these commemorates, Amelia Curran—a convert to the Catholic creed, sister of Sarah, the betrothed of Robert Emmet,—who died in the south of Italy. There is a monument in the church invested with the glamor of romance. It was built to the memory of Miss Octavia Bryan, at one time a leading belle in the fashionable salons of Rome. This Irish lady was engaged to be married to an Italian marquis; and on the eve of her wedding day, she happened to attend a ball given by a Roman prince, where she danced all night long, with the usual light-hearted and buoyant disposition of a daughter of the Emerald Isle. On reaching her home she was seized with fever, and died a few hours subsequently at the hour fixed for the nuptial ceremony. She was only twenty years of age. A recumbent statue of the maiden, crowned with roses, surmounts the monument reared to her memory.

St. Agatha's church contains a casket of monumental marble in which is enshrined the heart of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish tribune and liberator. On the exterior is a sculptured representation of O'Connell, standing at the bar of the British House of Commons, indignantly refusing the oath which would compel him to believe in the creed of the Anglican Church. His attitude is defi-

ant, and his well carved features display much strength. He was then in the summer of his manhood, full of hope and vigor. In the Irish college to which the church of St. Agatha is attached, there are memorials to the memories of its presidents.

St. Peter's in Montorio, a stately church standing on the summit of Mount Janiculum, and commanding a view of the Eternal City, is a favorite haunt of Irish or Irish-American tourists. Under the marble floor of this sacred structure sleep two of the bravest and most chivalrous of Irish chieftains, O'Neill of Dunganon and O'Donnell of Tyrconnell. The late Father Meehan, author of "The Flight of the Earls" has told the sad, but glorious story of the struggle entered on for civil and religious liberty by the two chieftains of Ulster, and their subsequent expatriation so well and so vividly that it would be a mere work of supererogation for me to repeat the interesting tale. It is only necessary to state that when the exiled group, composed of thirty-two men and women, had reached Rome, they were welcomed by Archbishop Lombard and several cardinals. Having been installed in a palace provided for them by Pope Paul V., they were visited by Cardinal Borghese, brother of the Pontiff. "The day after their arrival," writes Father Meehan, "they proceeded to the Papal Palace on the quirinal, and were cordially received by the Holy Father, who questioned them minutely about all the incidents of their flight and journey, and then gave to each the Apostolic blessing. The name of each of the Irish chieftains was now placed on the pontiff's civil list, and they were amply provided with everything befitting people of their condition. The king of Spain also set-